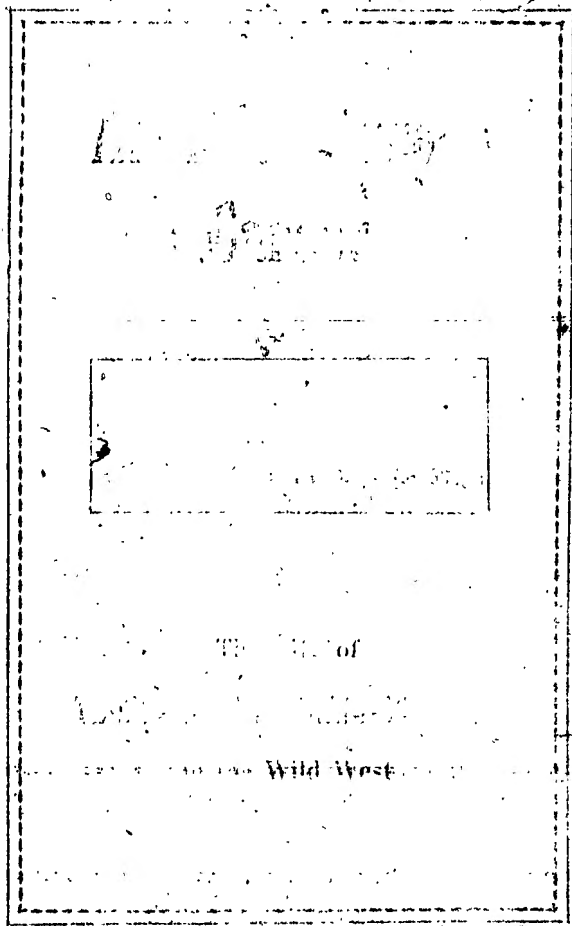




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## *Life in the Wild West*

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Tied to a tree by Indians, and within an inch of being burned to death.

Captured by Rebels, thrown into jail, and kept there for months.

Half way round the world with P. T. Barnum's circus as pony man and wagon driver.

War scout in the Riel Rebellion, and afterwards attached to the service of Lord Strathcona.

Mail carrier for the Hudson's Bay Company in the early days in Alberta.

Trapper, Hunter, Free-Lance Adventurer up and down the country for over thirty years.

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## *An Adventurous Career*

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The following pages contain the story in tabloid of one of the most remarkable individuals in Edmonton. To have gone through such varied stages of a more than unusually adventurous career would seem to be history enough; but added to it all is the fact that this man does not know whether he has any kith or kin in the world, cannot tell you definitely how old he is, and does ~~not even~~ pass by the name that rightfully belongs to him. Telesphore Alexander Blais is the style in which he began life, but some one who wished to "Anglicize" him changed "Blais" to "Blair," and by that latter name he is known today. Usually they just call him "Dad," by virtue of his years. As nearly as can be figured out, he is ninety-two years old. As to his family connections, he has long since lost all track of them, and whether any of them are alive or not, he is actually alone in the world. Here is his story in his own words:



## MY EARLY DAYS

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I was born on the banks of the St. Lawrence River in the year 1832, about fifty miles from Montreal. At the time I was born there were no large cities in Canada. All that Canada consisted of was a few villages, with a few families in each. Most of the families were very large, the majority of them having a dozen or more children.

In those days the people worked very hard to keep their families. They would catch their food, instead of paying cash for it as we do now. The river was full of fish, and they could catch all they wanted, without any fear of being caught by a policeman, because there was no closed season for fishing in those days. All kinds of wild fowl could be got, too, such as ducks, geese and other kinds of birds. There was plenty of wild meat for everybody, so in those days it did not take much cash to keep a family. A little tea and sugar was bought—and very little at that—and we made our own flour, mostly of barley.

There were sixteen in our family—six boys and ten girls—so you can imagine how hard



my father and mother worked to keep us. Our little mouths were always open for more.

When I reached the age of about ten years, I had to work. I would help my mother around the house, bring the cow to the house to be milked, get the wood for the day, and then feed the few chickens we had. And we had a pig which used to run around the little log cabin in which we had to live. After the chores around the house were done, I had to go and help my father with his fishing. When he would come ashore with his boat—sometimes full of fish, and sometimes with nothing—I would have to help him carry the fish and put them in boxes. Every other day the company who bought the fish would send their men around in a rowboat and gather up the fish from all the fishermen, and pay just a few cents for a large box of fish. That was not much money, but it seemed to us at that time to be a lot.

We did not have any schools to go to. We did not know what schools were, so that is why I had no education of any kind, and grew to be a man without being able to read or write. It is very hard to get along without knowing these things, but I am still living without them.

When I became fourteen years of age, I found that kind of a life was not exciting enough for me. I felt that I was a man, and naturally I began to take a drink of whiskey, and that made me all the worse. A bunch of us boys would get together and buy a bottle of whiskey, and have it for ourselves. That's the way we had our wild times. Once in a while my father would give me a thrashing when he would catch me at it.

We used to swim across the river for a drink of whiskey, and this was the way we used to do it: About ten of us would get together and buy a bottle of whiskey. It only cost a few cents then for a big bottle. Then we would send the whiskey and our clothing over in a small boat to the other side, and when the boat had reached the other bank we would line up along the shore and count: "One, two, three, go!" Splash, we would go. Talk about swimming! My goodness, we would swim—and at times fight in the water. The first one over would take a drink, then the second and third, but no more, the rest receiving none because it was not far enough to the bottom of the

bottle. I did not lose my drink very often, though, as I could make fairly good time crossing that river.

About that time a small school was opened up in the village, and all the boys and girls went there. I was among them, and for a while everything went well. I went for about two months, but I was a little too wild for the teacher, and did not get along well with him. I fought with him a few times, and finally was kicked out of school for good. That pleased me, and while all my chums were at school I used to do some hunting around the river. Gunpowder and shot were expensive, and I could not have any to waste, as my father would not give me very much at a time, and if I did not bring some game home with me I would get a thrashing.

I remember one day I went out, and came back without my duck, and I had to take my medicine. Next day I went out again, being mad at my father and mad at myself for being such a poor shot with the gun. I tried to do better, and so I did. I went to the river, crawled along the bank, and spotted some ducks. They were quite a distance from the shore, and I crept as close as possible, and thought to

myself that I had to get a duck, and get it quickly, so that it could be cooked for father's supper. So I fired, and killed one. I had no dog to get it for me, so had to swim for it myself. I was a good swimmer, so I jumped in the water and started after the duck. The current was swift, but I reached the bird. I was very tired, but I had to come back. I had a hard time getting ashore, but at last I got home with my duck, and father was satisfied with me.

A few day later there was some excitement across the river at the village. Some horse races were being held. My chum and I wanted to see them, but I had no money either to get in to the races, or to pay the ferry across the river. So my chum got a few cents from home and we started for the river. We stole a little boat instead of taking the ferry. We got across all right and saw the races. When the races were over some of the horsemen gave us all the whiskey we could drink, and then we started for home. We went to our little boat and started across. Then we decided to tie our boat to the ferry, and let it take us across. We did so, but when we got out in the river the current was rough, and our boat became filled with water. The evening was dark, and my partner could not swim. I let the rope go to save us,

and just then our boat turned over, and away we went in the current. My chum disappeared, and I had all I could do to save myself, and had a very hard time making the shore. I felt very badly over losing my best chum. Then I made up my mind that I would leave home.

At my home near Montreal there used to be big floods when the St. Lawrence would jam up with ice, and then everything near the river suffered from the water, and often it carried away stock, buildings, and anything moveable.

During one of these floods my mother had gone to the shore in a large boat with several others, and I thought she was gone quite a while. I was only twelve at the time, and had a little sister of nine. We got our bark canoe and started to go to her. I was considered a good hand with a canoe, even when I was only that age, and I suppose I knew it at that time. At any rate, we started, but the current and wind were too much for me, and away we went down stream, both my sister and myself crying. A large boat came to our rescue, or I would not have been here today. I do not see why I was spared so often when death seemed so certain.

When we got back, we found that our home had been washed away by the flood, and we

had to stay in the school house, which seemed very strange to us.

A gang of us boys were standing at the school door. We wanted some red-eye whiskey, so we decided to go to the docks, where all the toughs stayed, and where we were accustomed to getting whiskey from the sailors. We thought we would hunt some rags, bones or old bottles, etc., to get some money. But rags, bones or bottles were scarce. Suddenly we got a brilliant idea. One of the gang was a small lad, and we decided to put him in a sack and sell him to the half blind bone trader. We stuck him in the sack, and marched him off to the buyer. "Hello, Mr. River, want to buy some bones?" we yelled. "Yes; put them on the scales here and let's see how much they weigh." We put the bag on the scales. It came to about forty-five or fifty pounds. Now, the next thing was to get our money and get the boy out of the sack without River finding out. He gave us our money, and we rather obligingly asked him where we should put the bones. He told us to throw them on the pile at the rear end of the shed. We hurriedly carried the bag around there, got the boy out of the sack, and marched off to the whiskey peddler to get our bottle of booze. We then went off to the

lumber yard, where we proceeded to empty the bottle of its contents.

The teacher gave us the name of Black Horse Gang, because of our toughness and evil ways.



## LEAVING HOME

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It was a warm day in the summer when the news reached me that the Barnum circus was showing in Montreal in a few days. At that time Montreal was just a small town, such as a county town is now-a-days. There was a great deal of talk and excitement among the people concerning the wild animals of the circus. Of course, a circus in those days was not nearly as big as it is now, but all the same it was a very exciting thing, because nobody there had ever seen one before.

I found it hard to believe all I heard about the wild animals being trained to perform, so I made up my mind to see them. I was thinking of the fierceness of the lions, the strength of the bears, and the power of the snakes, and of the terrible animals performing their wildest acts of savagery. In my imagination the elephants seemed like buildings walking, while the lions would tear to pieces any living thing that might be in front of them; the bear would strike an ox with its paw, until the head of the ox would be but a mangled mass, then he would pick up the ox with his other paw and throw it on his



shoulder is if it were nothing—only enough to make him a meal; and the snake would coil itself around its prey and crush every bone like a match.

With all these thoughts in my mind, it seemed like a new world to me. Parental rules were severe at times, and home life and the things connected with it held very little. Even the many fascinations of the river seemed to fade away when compared with the Great Beyond, with the wild and savage beasts that I thought of that day.

I became conscious that my home was now too small for me, and that there was hardly room enough for me to breathe. As I went about my daily chores, it all seemed contemptible, and I wished to get away from it as soon as possible. But I knew only too well that my parents would under no consideration give me permission to leave, even to see the wonderful circus that was coming to town.

A great battle was going on in my mind. I had become recognized as one of the strongest swimmers in our district; this and the thought of many other things that had become dear to me in my childhood and boyhood days came to my troubled heart. On the other hand there was the great, wide world. It seemed to offer so

much, and the more I thought, the more attractive it seemed to me, until I came to the point where I only had to decide which road to travel.

That evening when my chores were done and it was just dark, I went to my favorite spot on the river bank, where I could not only see the river, but all the surrounding country. Here I sat down to think over the all-important question. My eyes rested on the river, and then on all the surroundings. I had seen it all so often. I remembered the first time I swam the river. What a long stretch it seemed to be. But tonight it seemed different. I had conquered the river; I could do as I pleased on it; it looked so small. The country round about seemed to have undergone a similar change. There was nothing really attractive about it any more. It all seemed too common in my mind, that had taken in thoughts of the Great Beyond.

I sat there a long time, till the stars were shining and seemed to say: "Come with us, and we will show you the great world which is hidden to thousands of people." I then made up my mind to start the next day, and after taking another look at the river, went home with determined steps, feeling that I had settled a

very important question with myself, and then laid plans for my departure.

After securing some food for my trip to Montreal, I climbed up aloft in the little log cabin where we used to sleep. Everything was quiet, and I soon went asleep with the determination to wake early next morning. When day began to break, I got busy and dressed myself, went downstairs without making any noise to awaken any of the family, got my parcel, opened the door, stepped lightly outside, and closed the door gently. Then my heart felt lighter, but I knew quite well that I was not out of danger yet. Our dog came up to me with a look of surprise and satisfaction, as it was unusual for him to see me at this hour of the morning. Of course he offered me his company and friendship, but I did not accept it, as the dog had to stay home. Then I started off at full speed.

A few hours later I sat down beside a cool spring, sheltered by some brush from travellers along the road, and ate my breakfast. Now I felt safe and free, knowing the world was ahead of me, which I must see now and master.

## WITH THE CIRCUS

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Arriving in Montreal, the question was to locate the circus. At that time one did not have to walk through a large city, and it was not hard to locate a large show such as Barnum had.

After a few enquiries I found the circus, and when I had looked it all over, I did not feel quite as big as I thought I was before leaving home. However, I braced myself up a bit, and feeling that my mind was made up, would not turn back home. I then got in to see the show, and when it started, felt quite elated and satisfied with my choice, when with open eyes and mouth I saw the animals performing, even though I had to confess to myself that the elephants were not as big as I thought they were, and the other animals in like proportion fell below the standard I had fixed in my mind in regard to their size and strength. However, when it came to performing, they were far beyond anything I had ever dreamed of. To watch the seals playing with large balls, and the tigers leaping through big iron rings hanging high in the air, and the other animals in their different spheres performing their almosty miraculous

feats, surpassed all expectations, and filled me with thrills, until I found myself standing up on my seat, waving my hat with sheer admiration. But I was soon brought back to normal again, when from behind arose a storm of "Get down!" "Get down!" with earnest assurances that if I did not do so, I would be put down with violence, and also dispatched outside with more haste than when I entered. After the various assurances were over, I sat down and quietly looked on until the performance was finished.

There was only one thing about the circus I did not approve of: it cost too much money. - I only had a small sum of money with me, and by the time I had seen the shows I was what you would call "flat broke." I slipped in a few side shows and made a day of it, and then night came on, and I began thinking hard of what I would do. No money—no bed. That was kind of hard, so I decided to make my bed with the small ponies. I located their tent and lifted the canvas, and crawled in the hay there. I felt tired after all the excitement, and soon fell asleep. I had not been sleeping very long when somebody handled me very roughly in order to waken me. When I opened my eyes in bewilderment, I saw a middle aged man with a stern face, who yelled at me: "Who are you?" The man

looked rather amused for a moment, but assuming his old sternness, he asked: "What are you doing here?" Upon the question, I fully explained the situation, telling him how I had spent all my money on the shows through the day, and in order to have enough for my breakfast, I decided to seek shelter somewhere, and that was why he had found me there. The man again looked me over, and with a grin of satisfaction, he said: "I believe you are good stuff, although you are not very big." That made me feel a little braver. I had been very much afraid.

Then he said to me: "How old are you, and what is your name?"

I answered his questions, and said: "I am fourteen years old, and my name is Telesphore Alexander Blais, but they call me Alex."

"Do you want work?" he asked.

"Sure thing, I want work!" I replied, almost breathless with the prospect of going with the circus.

"You are not a big man yet, but you will do for looking after these ponies," said the stranger, "and besides, you will have a chance to see the world. Your work will be to look after my ponies, keep them clean, feed them, and water them properly. The man I have for this work is not reliable—he drinks too much—and this

work is important and must not be neglected. So I will give you a trial."

Almost beyond myself for sheer joy, I solemnly promised to do his work faithfully. A few more words were exchanged in regard to wages, and final instructions given, after which Barnum, for he it was, left me to determine whether I had seen a vision, or had a wonderful dream, or if it might be reality, but the answer came back, it was real. It was real, and I was off with the circus.

My experiences with the circus were not always of the best kind, and the details of them are not clear in my mind, with the exception of one or two instances, which I will mention.

On one occasion, while travelling through the States, the man who had been attending the ponies had his plans laid to murder me because I had taken his job. Shortly after we left Montreal I found a dog which I liked very well. So I began to feed him, and he soon became friends with me. He used to follow me to every stop we made. I shared my meals with him and played with him when I had time, and he used to sleep by my side at night in my little bed of hay beside my ponies.

One day, after a long drive on the road, we pitched the tents for a show that night. After

the show was over, and my work was done, I felt very tired. The dog and myself made our beds beside the ponies and soon fell to sleep. The other man, who had lost the job I now had, felt very disagreeable towards me, for he was driving a ticket wagon at the time, and he tried in many ways to get his old job back, but Barnum would not have him back on it, because he was satisfied with me, as I had proved to be all right. Barnum liked me well, so I was sure enough of the position. However, that night I was awakened by the dog, who stuck his nose against my face. I opened my eyes. It was a dark night in the summer, and I could not see much, but I knew there was something moving in the tent. The ponies were disturbed as well as the dog. Then I saw that it was a man, and that he had something in his hand. He kept still for a time, and I saw that it was the man who had had the job of looking after the ponies before I did, and I knew very well that he had not come there for any good at that time of the night. I watched him closely; he came quietly and slowly towards me. He knew just about where I had my bed, so he had come in from the other end of the tent.

I was by this time wide awake, but did not think it was wise to stir just yet, as the dog



kept quiet, except for a murr now and then. However, I was ready to move quickly out of the way as soon as he would make any suspicious movement. When he was just a few feet away from me, he lifted the weapon he held in his hand and made a jump for me, but I was not there. I saw his motion and I jumped to one side. However, he got one slight poke at me, but did not hurt me much. The first thing I grabbed was a fork, which was standing right beside me. That was the only weapon there was in the place, but there was another foe that was more dangerous to the enemy than myself or the fork—that was my dog. As soon as I had left my bed and seized the fork, and when the man had thrown a large stone that he carried with him, my dog made a mad rush at him, but he was kicked back. The man then ran out of the tent, but the dog followed him. I hurried out of the tent door, and just caught sight of him going around one of the other tents. I called the dog back, fearing the man might kill him. My dog had proved a faithful friend who had saved my life. We went back to bed again, but not to sleep, keeping watch together for the rest of the night. The next day I reported the event to Barnum, and the man was then discharged. That being my first

close call, I lost no time in buying myself a revolver, so that in future I could defend myself in such a case.

After I had worked for nearly two years, tending the ponies, I got a better job driving one of the big wagons. I was also more of a man by this time.

Another time, while we were driving over the country roads, I had a narrow escape from getting into trouble. It was the custom of the circus men to get the younger fellows to do the dirty work, such as stealing. So early one morning we were driving from one town to another. It was not quite daylight, but almost so. We were passing an orchard. The men asked me to get some oranges for them. At first I was not willing to do so, but they finally persuaded me to go. I left my wagon and climbed the orchard fence. This was not far from the house. When I gathered all I could carry, a voice from behind me commanded me to stop, and said: "Drop those oranges!"

I was startled at first. Looking around, I discovered the man was pointing a revolver at me. Knowing that if I dropped the oranges I would never hear the last of it from the men with the show, and having left my right hand free so I could climb the fence, I reached for

my hip pocket and pulled out my revolver, and put the answer to him that way. This was done so quickly that the man was taken unawares. He never suspected me of carrying fire-arms. We stared each other in the face, the man again repeating: "Drop those oranges!" followed by a threat to shoot me dead if I did not do so. To this I answered: "I can shoot as fast as you can."

By this time the men were shouting at me to "hang on to the oranges, and let daylight through the man," "~~fill~~ him full of lead," and other such enthusiastic suggestions. The man awakened to the seriousness of the situation, and realizing that his life was in just as much danger as mine, hesitatingly said "All right," and turned and walked away towards the house. I made my escape over the fence in all haste, jumped on my wagon, and drove on. I divided the oranges and gave the incident little thought after that.

We proceeded to the next town, where the tents were pitched, and things went on the same as usual until on in the evening, when one of the drivers came into the tent where I was busily engaged at my work, and told me that Mr. Barnum wanted to see me at his tent. Thinking it might be some instructions, I hur-

ried over. On entering the tent, behold there was the man with whom I had had the dispute over the oranges that morning. He was standing beside Barnum. Then my eyes rested on a Policeman. The officer asked the man if I was the fellow guilty of the crime. The man affirming that I was the person, the officer asked me a few questions: if I had gone into the man's orchard and helped myself to some oranges, and afterwards threatened to shoot the man. I admitted that I helped myself to some oranges, but the man had threatened to shoot me first. An investigation then followed, in which I told how I was asked by the other drivers to do the stealing, and not wishing to be classed as a coward, I agreed to get the oranges, and then to avoid being made fun of, I insisted on keeping them after they were in my possession. After a full explanation was made, the man agreed to let the matter drop if he received pay for his fruit and for his trouble in coming to town. This Barnum readily agreed to do, and I thus escaped the hands of the law with a promise that I would be more careful after that.

## Shook Hands With Queen Victoria

On one occasion we were showing at a town in England. In the street parade I was driving eight ponies, and in turning a corner had to drive the leading ponies well out into the street in order that the wagon would clear the curb. I noticed a lady sitting in an elegant carriage, but did not know who she was, though I knew she must be an important person. Later on, at the show, I noticed this carriage draw up, and a carpet was laid down from it to the tent, and the lady came out. Meeting Mr. Barnum at the door, she asked him where the boy was that had driven the ponies in the parade. I was very dirty, and Mr. Barnum did not want me to be seen, so he told her that I was not around. I overheard her asking for me, and the answer she received, and called out: "Here I am!" The lady, who proved to be Queen Victoria, beckoned to me to come over, and shook hands with me.

She looked me over, noticed my dirty clothing, and asked me if those were all the clothes I had. I said they were. Turning to Mr. Barnum, she told him that early next morning she was going to send me over two new suits of clothes. The clothes came, all right, but be-

tween the jealousy of the other circus hands, and the dirt around the show, they were very soon as bad as the others.

I was with Barnum's circus for four years. I was all through the United States, South America, England, France and Germany. It was hard work and a strenuous life. Circus life is very rough and degrading, on account of the fact that a general run of bad fellows are usually connected with it, and a great deal of drinking, gambling, and other evil practices are carried on, so I wanted to quit my job while we were in England. Barnum would not give me my pay, however, so I had to stay with him until the end of the season. When that time came, I left, and Barnum paid me off and gave me a suit of clothes. My wages came to four hundred dollars (one hundred dollars a year for the four years I was with the circus), and I felt quite rich.

## MY FIRST STEP WESTWARD

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In 1850, according to my own reckoning, I left Montreal and started westward with a chum. I was at the time about eighteen years old, and was ready to begin the real wild life of the West and grow up with it. Although I realized I was leaving civilization and going into the wilderness, nevertheless I wanted to go, and so we started to walk to Ottawa.

We were a long time on the road to Ottawa, and had to do some fishing and hunting for provisions. We had no matches in those days, and used to rub two dry sticks together to make a fire.

We stayed in Ottawa a while, and then went on to Mattawa, and from there to Fort Garry, which was the early name of the present city of Winnipeg. In those days it was a fort. It took us two years to make that trip. On the way we were fur hunting and fishing with the Indians.

My partner and I had a lot of furs, some of which we got on our trip, and some we got from the Indians by trading and buying, and in

other ways. We had a large quantity to sell, and as we could not do business with the Hudson's Bay Company, we started to travel to St. Paul, over in the United States, to sell our furs. We had our little pack horses, and we made our own pack saddles, and packed our fur up and set off. In several days we reached St. Paul, where we sold our furs. We had about sixteen hundred dollars apiece.



### Paying off the Jew's Mortgage

On our return from St. Paul, we travelled through the prairies of North Dakota. It was always very foggy in the evenings, and one night we camped beside a little creek, and were close to a homesteader's cabin, though we did not know it until next morning. When we woke up in the morning, we saw the smoke from the cabin, and thought we would go up and see if we could get some breakfast.



We went to the door and knocked, and a woman came to the door. When she saw us she was afraid, thinking we were bandits. We could not blame her for being afraid of us, for we certainly looked the part, with our buckskins and big revolvers hanging at our sides. However, we told her not to be afraid, and assured her that we meant no harm, that we only came for something to eat. So she let us come in, and told us that all she had in the line of eatables was about two pounds of corn flour, but she had lots of fresh milk, as she had a couple of cows.

We had a lunch, such as it was, and after we had finished eating, she told us that her husband had been dead for two years, and she had not had a crop of grain since that time. She had been compelled to mortgage her farm to a Jew in St. Paul, and the mortgage was past due, and this Jew was coming that very day to get the money or put her off the place.

My partner and I listened very earnestly to her story, and as we were quite rich just at the time, from the proceeds of our fur sale, we suggested to her that we would help her out. We persuaded her to take the money for the mortgage, and told her to get a receipt for the



**LOUIS RIEL**  
**Leader of the Saskatchewan Rebellion**

money from the Jew, so that he could not come back to her for it again. We had talked the matter over, and arranged to play a trick on the Jew, but did not tell her of our plan. We considered that as he was a millionaire, he should not have treated the widow as he was doing, and we decided to give her the money, and then get it back from the man.

We hung around the neighborhood while he came and got his money, and when he was going away we held him up, and got our money back, and let him go. We have never heard anything of him since. Then we went on our journey.

### A Free Ride on the Railroad

A few months later, in the same part of the country, on our travels we came to a railroad, which was the new line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, leading into the wild west. That was east of Fort Garry, the Winnipeg of today. We were just like boys, and wanted some fun, so we asked the engineer of the work engine to give us a ride, and he said: "The next time!" and did not stop. We rode up to the train and pulled our guns, and then he stopped for us, and we left our ponies there and got on the

engine. We made the whole crew get in one car and tried to run the train, succeeding for only a short time, as we could not stop the engine. So we told the engineer to come back, which he did very readily. He was very much afraid of us, thinking we were real live bandits. We made him take us back to where our ponies were, and then told him never to refuse us a free ride again, which he promised, seeming to be very much pleased at the thought of our departure.

One of the incidents which followed in the course of the next few years was that while out on one of the trips with fur to St. Paul, I met Jim Hill, who at that time had a saw mill. We were without salt while trapping, and were obliged to eat so much fresh meat that after getting salted food again I was quite sick for some time. It may hardly be believed, but for sixteen years I did not have either bread or salt to eat.

### Life as a Bar Tender

We continued on our journey westward for several long days, until we came to General

Strange's ranch, near the Rocky Mountains. There we got jobs as cowboys, and worked for him for several months. Then I got tired of the work, and quit, travelling around for a while, and finally obtaining a job as bar-tender in a small saloon, which was open seven days and seven nights a week—which was very nearly all the time.

The country was full of cowboys, and they delighted in hanging around saloons for days at a time, and also nights, for that was the only place of excitement in any little town. In those days, all a town consisted of was a store and a saloon, so you can imagine how big a town was. The saloon got most of the money that was spent, and being bar-tender, believe me I got some of it. If I had been wise in those days and saved the money I got, I would not have had to work today.

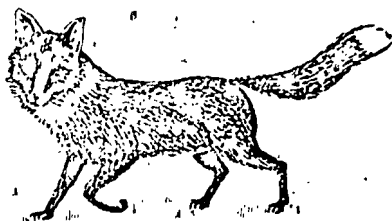
One Sunday the place was filled, and we were doing good business. I was busy, and could not watch everybody, and one fellow took advantage of that and tried to steal a bottle of liquor. I reached for my gun, and struck him with the butt end of it, and put him out of business for a while. Immediately some of his friends got me and were going to tie me up to hang me.

However, I had more friends than he had, so we won the fight, and then we spent the night drinking on the house. That is what saloon life was like. A bar-tender could not live to be very old when he had a crowd of rough-necks like that to handle. At that time nobody seemed to be civilized.

Later on, I was going through the Saskatchewan prairies looking for a new pony, as the one I was using was getting worn out. I had used him for two years, and there were a lot of wild ponies at that time, so I went out to locate one. I found a large bunch across the Saskatchewan River, and went down to the river and got off my horse. Leading him, I swam across the river.

When I got to the other side, I saw that my clothes were colored with gold dust. I took off my hat and held it in the water to see how much sand was drifting, and in a few minutes I saw what there was. I proceeded to the bunch of ponies, securing one that I had picked out. Then I went back and told my chum about the gold, but he said there was more money in furs than there was in gold, and moreover, we could get the gold later on. However, things happened that we never got any gold.

Everybody makes mistakes, and that was where I made mine. In a short time people began to come into the West, and lots of them made fortunes out of that same river, where I should have made mine. Chances of making fortunes will never come again like that.



## CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD

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This happened one time when I was out with my partner driving a herd of cattle to one of the forts. I knew a storm was coming, but not nearly as well as the cattle and our horses did. It started to snow that evening, and we drove the herd of cattle into a big timber patch to get shelter from the storm. We sheltered our ponies, and also made shelter for ourselves, and prepared for the storm. By this time it was snowing and blowing in good shape, and we did not have time to hunt anything to eat. All we had was one rabbit, and then we rolled up in our blankets and laid down to sleep.

It was not long until everything was snowed up, and still storming. The blizzard kept up for three days, and believe me we had some snow. Finally the storm ceased, and our hunger increased, as the one rabbit did not last long, and we could not hunt any wild game until the storm was over. That is the time I wished I had never left home. We had nothing more to eat with us, not even any salt, and no bread.

After the storm was over, I shot a couple of



partridges, and we cooked them, and filled up once more. Then we felt like new men, and forgot all our troubles. I feel so sorry for young boys who leave home not knowing what they are going to, that I wish I could talk to every one who is dissatisfied with home life, and tell him just a few things that would probably change his mind.

I had been caught in a lot of storms, but none quite so bad as this. Towards evening on the fourth day, a warm chinook wind blew up, and before morning everything was slush and muck. The snow was gone.

We stayed there for a couple of days, until our horses could get fed up again, and we also had satisfied our hunger. We killed a young calf, and cut off the steak, and my partner and I danced the pow-wow while it cooked, we were so glad the storm was over.

After a grand meal of this we felt much better. By this time our horses were feeling better also, and felt like travelling, so we continued on our journey.

## A NARROW ESCAPE

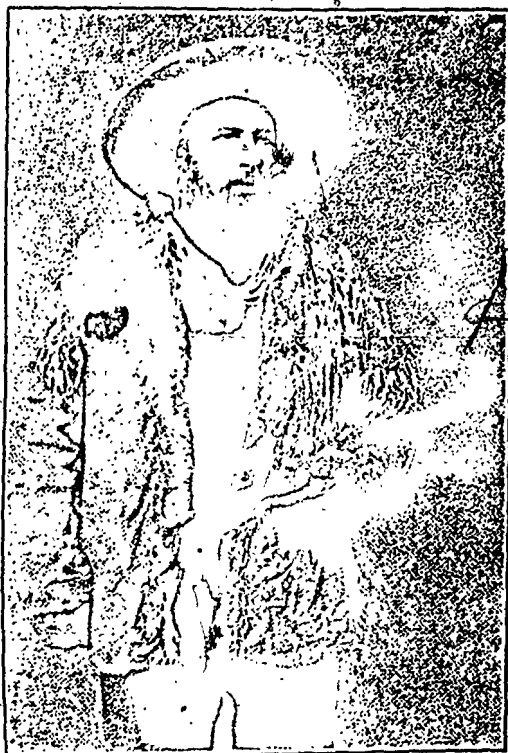
Another incident that happened while on the same drive. We had to drive the cattle over a river, and we had a hard time to get them started. We kept urging them on and on, and the hind ones were horning those in front, and they had to start. I did not watch myself close enough, and the first thing I knew I was right in front of the herd of cattle, and was forced into the river ahead of them. My pony and I were taken down the river among the floating ice and the cattle. That was in the spring when the ice was breaking up. The current was running fast, and the water was extremely cold, and we were in great danger. If ever I was afraid, that was the time.

My partner, seeing what had happened, came just as far as he could and threw his lasso to me, and I made it fast to my saddle and kept dodging the cattle and the floating ice until I was safe ashore. It was just a streak of luck that we did not get drowned. I was in the water for some time, and when I got out I was almost frozen. However, we got a fire going, and got my clothes dried and I warmed myself and then felt quite comfortable, though still wondering how I managed to escape death so narrowly.

## CAPTURED BY REBELS

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It was not to be expected that a young fellow of my stamp could stay out of a fray like the historic rebellion of 1867, and as a result of my activity on the side of the government, I soon found myself a prisoner of war. They kept me locked up in a miserable kind of place for several months and fed me on hard tack and water. Then General Wolseley came along and got me out somehow, and hired me for his scout. He fitted me up with a new rig and horse, and I felt as proud as the King of England. I went all through the war, and scouted over the country for six months or more. Then when it was all over, I worked for three years on General Strange's ranch, mostly at scouting, for the Indians were around.



**G. DUMONT**

**Who captured Alex. Batis during the  
Rebellion**

## SCOUTING FOR GENERAL STRANGE

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I would like to tell a few incidents that occurred while I was scout under General Strange.

When the Company to which I was attached arrived near Fort Pitt, I was ahead with a few others, protecting the men who were making roads over muskegs in order to make it possible to take the cannons across. As we came in sight of Fort Pitt we noticed a very pitiful sight. The fort was burned down, also the church and little school house. It was evident that our enemy Big Bear had been there before us, and had left nothing but ashes.

Being thirsty, I went to a well nearby, and as I got closer I noticed a very bad odour, which got worse as I came nearer to the well. I went over and looked in the well. It was very dark and I could not see much, but I could see two white spots at the bottom of the well, which was dry at the time. I called one of the men over and told him to get some paper and light it, so that I could see, and there were two sisters who had been teaching Indian children. They had been scalped and thrown in the well. We waited

until the army caught up to us, and then the General gave orders to have the sisters taken out of the well and buried.

We investigated further, and found that Big Bear had taken everything out of the store, including all bacon, flour and other provisions, which were very valuable and necessary for the soldiers.

As we were leaving there, we saw by the ashes where some one had been burned. We saw the burned bones, and it appeared to us that they had tied this man to some logs on the ground and burned him to death.\* I called Dr. Pierre, of the 65th Battalion, and when he came and touched the bones, they fell to pieces. We learned later on that the remains were those of one of the Captains at Fort Pitt. We also learned that Captain Delaney's wife and daughter and the servant girl were taken prisoners, and that the Indians had killed Captain Delaney.

Shortly after we resumed our march, while I was out scouting, word reached me that General Strange wanted me at once. I promptly reported at his camp some miles away, reaching there at dusk. He wanted me to go and watch Chief Poundmaker and Big Bear, as they were gathering braves from Cree and Blackfoot

tribes to strike at Battleford. He also told me to watch for any signs of Mrs. Captain Delaney, her daughter, and the half-breed servant girl. I never found any trace of her, but others did later on, and got her and her daughter safely back to our men, who sent her back to her former home in Toronto.

I fed my horse and got my supper, and started on the trail of those murderous hounds that same night. I went straight to what we then called Duck Lake, as I was pretty sure I would find some news there of their whereabouts. I reached the lake just before daybreak, and I noticed Indians in the water. Indians would hide in the water with their face out just enough to get their breath. Every once in a while some of them would stick their heads up to see if anyone was coming their way. They never noticed me, as I was very careful, and knew how to keep under cover, and having been in former wars with Indians, I knew their tricks.

I then started back to General Strange and reported during the day, telling him what I had seen. He wanted to know how many there were, but I did not know exactly, having seen only a few Indian scouts. General Strange told me to go back and watch them until troops arrived, then we would see how many there were. I

went back and waited, and very soon the troops arrived. To my great surprise we found that there were over four hundred Indians hiding in the lake. They thought that by hiding in the water our troops would pass by them, and then they would close up on us in the rear. However, we were too wise for them, and we captured them and sent them back to Regina as prisoners. A few troops were to remain there till the war was all settled.

We camped there that night, and again I was called to General Strange's tent. He used a private tent just like the soldiers, and when they moved, he did also. When I arrived there I received orders to find out where the Indians round about were, and what they were up to, and also see what the roads through the muskegs were like. General Strange knew all this country like a book, and was afraid of the roads through the muskegs.

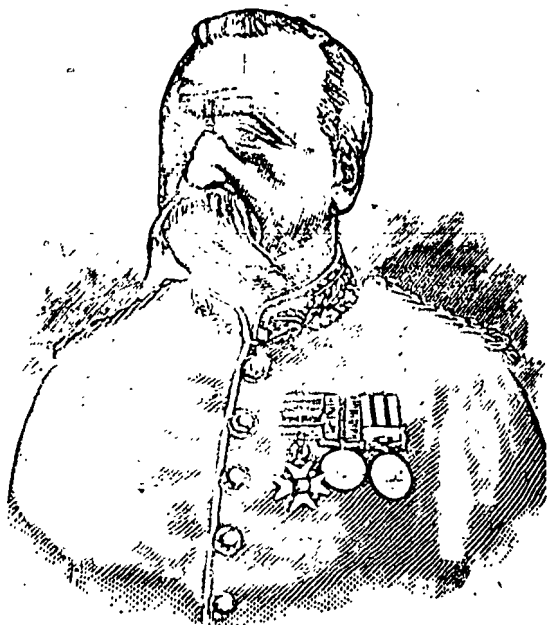
I went out and found some Indians making rifle pits, as their scouts were busy also and knew where we were headed for and that our trail went through and alongside of the worst muskeg and bush. That was where they were digging their pits, which would hold two or three Indians each. General Strange lined the infantry up in front, just rifle shot distance



from the Indians, and he had the men handling the Gatling gun come around and get in line with those holes while the troops kept the Indians busy in front. Then the fun started. General Strange was the wisest and best man that I ever worked under. He ordered his men who handled the Gatling guns to clean out the rifle pits. It was only a short time till this task was completed, and we kept on our march without any further trouble from Poundmaker's braves, for it was they who tried to fight us at this point.


Poundmaker got away with some of his men and joined Big Bear, and made towards Beaver River to tackle General Middleton's men. We followed, and it took us very nearly a week. We marched twenty miles a day, and fed on hard tack (that is, just plain biscuits, made with flour and water). The 65th men were getting worried and ragged, but kept up their spirits. When we arrived there was nothing to be seen of the Indians. We then went on to Prince Albert.

One day, near Fish Creek, I had quite an experience, along with other scouts. I was some distance ahead of General Middleton and his men. When we came across the Indians our troops were only about a mile behind us. We were attacked by the Indians, and had some



**GENERAL MIDDLETON**

Commander of the troops in the  
Saskatchewan uprising.



gun play with them. Our troops heard the shots and at once came to help us. When they reached us the enemy turned and ran their horses into a heavily wooded ravine for protection against us, and then they came up to the top of the ravine, as close as possible, and began to shoot at us. One of the braves got extraordinarily bold, and got right up on top and did the war dance. This dance ended very quickly, however, for a well directed bullet sent him on his way to the happy hunting grounds.

The enemy had left their horses running loose, and we caught several of them. Others they had left tied up in the ravine we shot at, and killed a number of them, which caused the enemy great loss, for they loved their horses just as much, and more, than they loved themselves. This made them down-hearted, and they soon fell back. We camped there that night, and knew very well that the enemy was not far away. We were good and hungry, but dared not do any shooting, because that would let the enemy know where we were camped. We had a very strong picket line. When a soldier has fought all day long and has to do night duty when he is hungry, it is no joke, but they did it with the best of courage and never faltered.

The next day we had a very sad duty to

perform. The men who had faced death, and met it without flinching the day before, we wrapped up in blankets and placed on stretchers, and mournfully they were followed by the troops to their last resting place. The troops hauled a lot of stones and put them in a solid shape, and placed a large wooden cross over it in memory of some of the West's bravest men.

One night later on we were all awakened by the firing of a rifle shot. The sentry said three horsemen had been seen advancing and did not answer to his challenge. The troops stayed up in readiness for a while, but as nothing came of the disturbance, we went back to bed again. The next morning revealed everything. A strange man came into camp. He was a transport officer and had gone on the wrong trail, and was out in search of the road or of the camp the night before, and fearing we were enemy forces, he did not answer the challenge, but had laid quiet on the ground nearby all night. We at once went out and escorted him and his transports, consisting of about forty wagons of supplies for Humboldt, and we were certainly glad when we got them to camp and had a square meal again.

## THE ATTACK ON BATOCHE

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Three places were in immediate danger: Prince Albert, Battleford and Fort Pitt. Three relief expeditions were provided for in the plan of campaign. General Middleton was to advance from Qu'Appelle to Batoche, Riel's headquarters; Colonel Otter, from Swift Current to Battleford, and General Strange from Calgary to Edmonton. I also came to Edmonton with my scouts.

On the sixth of April General Middleton's detachment left Fort Qu'Appelle, and twelve days later reached Clark's Crossing, on the Saskatchewan River, where it had been arranged to meet the steamer 'Northcote,' which was coming down the river laden with supplies and reinforcements. Although the steamer had not yet arrived, General Middleton divided his force one half on either bank, and advanced in the direction of Batoche.

A few days later, as the division on the east bank was entering the ravine of Fish Creek, it came suddenly upon a strong force of rebels. The ground before the village was found to be honeycombed with rifle pits. Three days

of skirmishing before these entrenchments wore out the patience of the volunteers, so that on the fourth day General Middleton had great difficulty in holding them. Riel, the leader of the rebellion, gave himself up. Without loss of time, General Middleton pressed on to Prince Albert, and then to Battleford.

Ten days after leaving Swift Current, Colonel Otter halted within three miles of Battleford. Fearing that Poundmaker, although not as yet actively hostile, might be influenced to join forces with Big Bear, he decided to move in the direction of the neighboring reserve. The Indian encampment was found to occupy the higher of two hills beyond the ravine of Cut Knife Creek. The appearance of the volunteers upon the crest of the first hill was the signal for battle. Early in the engagement, the two guns Colonel Otter had brought with him broke down. This disaster, coupled with the superiority of the Indians in number, made it necessary to fall back in the direction of Battleford. The loss sustained in this fight was eight killed and fourteen wounded, and might have been much more serious if Poundmaker had followed up his advantage by pursuing his retiring enemy.

Meanwhile, General Strange had relieved Edmonton from danger of an Indian attack, and

was descending the North Saskatchewan in order to hem in Big Bear between his force and that of Colonel Otter, stationed at Battleford. On the 24th of May, Fort Pitt was reached. Three days later Big Bear's band was located, but was found to be too strongly entrenched to be successfully attacked. When alarmed at the strength of the forces closing in upon them, the Indians began to retreat, Major Steele was sent in pursuit. It was a long chase over hundreds of miles of broken country. Gradually Big Bear's forces were broken up, and the leader himself finally surrendered to the Mounted Police.

Meanwhile, at Battleford, Poundmaker and his followers had come in and laid down their arms. With Riel, Poundmaker and Big Bear in custody, the rebellion was at an end, and it only remained to punish the rebel leaders who had defied the authority of the Canadian Government. Riel was tried at Regina, and though ably defended, was found guilty of treason and sentenced to be hanged. Eight Indians also paid the death penalty for murder, while others were imprisoned, among the latter Poundmaker, who died in prison.

Although a trying experience while it lasted, the Saskatchewan rebellion was not without its

good results. The Dominion Government was brought to recognize the claims of the Metis, and did so by promptly issuing title deeds for their lands. In recognition of their growing importance, the North-West Territories were granted representation in the Senate and the House of Commons. To preserve order and to protect the lives of the settlers scattered throughout the country, the Mounted Police forces were considerably increased. But the greatest influence of the rebellion was not upon the North-West alone, but upon the whole Dominion. Eagerly the volunteers went

“Over dim forest and lake,  
Over lone prairie and brake,  
The clamor of battle to wake  
For kindred and country's sake,  
Into the North and the West land.”



## MY ADVENTURE WITH WILD HORSES

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Our ponies did not last long while doing duty in the Riel Rebellion, and the Government needed new horses for the cavalry. My partner and I know where to locate a large bunch, and as we knew something of their pranks when caught, we were given a contract to get some. We had caught a few before for ourselves, and as our ponies were fast, we would lie low when we came to a bunch and wait for them to come closer, and then away right among them, pick out a good one, throw the rope on to it, slow up gently and wait for some fun, which is always waiting for you when you catch a wild horse. Often the bunch will make at you, and you have to fight to save both your own and your horse's lives.

I remember well the day I had to fight with them for my life. The only way we had to fight them was to shoot them down, and it was the safest way. When you get a wild horse and have him broken, he seems to be tireless. I have ridden them hard all day long, week in and week out, and they never seemed to play out. The greatest trouble was breaking them in, even if they were only little fellows. They



**"DADDY" BLAIR**  
**As a Mail Carrier**

were simply wild Indian cayuses, and none of them would weigh more than seven to nine hundred pounds. There were all colors of them. It was a lovely sight to see a large bunch running. It just seems as though I can see them yet. The white ones were pretty, and the cream colored ones with their long flowing manes and tails were a beautiful sight.

### Carrying Mail

After being in the West for a few years I got a job as mail carrier between Calgary and Crow's Nest for the Hudson's Bay Company, making weekly trips on horseback. In those days I was as near to the regulation cowboy type as could well be, and on my lonely rides across the country I many times had occasion to use my revolver and lasso. Incidentally I mixed a little buffalo hunting with my mail carrying. This was a generally peaceful kind of life, however, and I was not altogether sorry when I heard that the Rebellion had broken out and war had started again. That was in 1885, and at once I went back to Winnipeg, and signed up with General Strange as a scout. I spent seven months at seven dollars a day. My work was to watch out for Indians. They watched for me, too, and one day they very nearly put an end to me.

## Captured by the Indians

I was out on a buffalo hunt near Lake Winnipeg with six companions, and while temporarily separated from the others I was captured by the Redskins, who in fiendish revenge tied me to a tree and prepared to punish me at the cost of my life. The Indians did not like the white people in the country at all, and in addition they were always put out by our trying to hunt their buffalo. We, of course, were endeavoring to get some meat for the Company and for the soldiers stationed at the fort. When they caught me and tied me up, I thought my time had come for certain.

They left me for a time, after tying me to the tree, and set to gathering sticks and brush and piling it around me. I knew what that meant. They were going to make a fire and burn me to death. It was about the closest call I ever had. Just as they were ready to light the fire, the other six men of my party came up and drove them away. I then broke loose, and drifted with the soldiers and ammunition to prevent the Indians from taking me.

It was necessary to send a message to the General on the other side of the river. General soldiers, asked me to take the letter to General Strange meeting with a refusal from the other

Middleton, who was on the left side of the river. I told him I would make the attempt, but was not sure of getting back safely. I went as far as the river bank, and saw that the Indians were on the other side, getting closer to me all the time. I left my horse and got into the river, where I was compelled to remain hiding for several hours, with my head out just enough to be able to breathe. In the meantime the Indians danced the pow-wow (war dance), then took my horse and rode away. After they had gone I managed to get to General Middleton with the letter. The fight started the following morning, after which I returned to General Strange, who thought that the Indians must have captured me. I was in the battles of Battleford, Batoche and Fort Pitt, and had many narrow escapes.

For a few years I served with Lord Smith (the late Lord Strathcona), and besides acting as scout, I did chores for him in the useful capacity of handy man.

After the Riel Rebellion I was given my discharge from military service, and since that time I have been my own master. Several years were spent in hunting and trapping, and in that work I have gone up and down the length and breadth of Alberta and Saskatchewan. I be-

came an expert at fur hunting, and from first to last, made a good deal of money at it. Now and then I combined a little gold mining with trapping. My money did not last long, however, and today I must depend on what I can earn from the sale of my book.

Mixed in with my years of roving adventure in the West were some incidents of a special character, such as my move across the line, between the two wars, to Wisconsin, where I was married. My wife and two children died and left me alone in the world.

Another departure was starting up a livery business in Seattle. I had long been an expert with horses, and was a good driver. But my barn burned down, and I was broke again. There was nothing for me to do but come back to Alberta and go fur hunting again.



## MY TRIP WEST TO THE KLONDYKE

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At one time when I was freighting with dog teams as far north as White Horse, I noticed another team ahead of me. They were travelling slowly up hill and down hill, and were quite a distance ahead of us. I asked my partner if he saw them. He said "Yes," and also said that he thought they must be heavily loaded, as they were going very slowly. It was cold, and we were unable to see ahead any considerable distance. The feet of our dogs were becoming quite sore and raw from travelling, which was necessarily slow. My partner thought it best to stop and build a fire and rest our dogs for the night, before their feet became too bad, but I did not wish to do so before reaching the team ahead of us, and persuaded him to keep on going. He did not like the idea of playing out our dogs' feet so badly, however we kept on going until in a short time we reached the others. They were played out, and their dogs were in worse shape than ours. The two men were trying to build a fire, but were unable to do so, being numb with the cold and nearly

frozen to death. One of the men had one of his hands frozen until it had turned black, and both of the men were crying like children. My partner rubbed the frozen parts with snow and took the frost out of them while I was building a fire. In this way we saved their lives. I found many men frozen to death on those trips to the far north.



## JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S TRIP TO THE WEST

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John L. Sullivan, then a famous boxer, came out West to see what it was like and to learn horse riding. He was getting along fine with us fellows, when one evening he was sparring a little with one of the boys, and evidently he touched the lad a little too hard, and knocked him down. This was sufficient to make him sore. The fellow got mad and pulled out his gun, telling Mr. Sullivan that that was enough, saying that it was no joke to be knocked down while playing. That finished our boxing matches, and Mr. Sullivan put his gloves away in his trunk and kept them there.

Another day Mr. Sullivan asked for a pony to ride. We asked him what kind he wanted, and he said "a real one." We told him it would be better to take a quiet one, but he would not have it. So we got him a real wild one. He got on its back, but did not stay there long. He tried several times, but could not make it, so gave up the idea of riding the wild ones, who had taken the conceit out of him. After that he proved a fine fellow, and was quite satisfied to ride a quiet pony.

## THE WORST ACCIDENT I EVER HAD

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While driving a stage for a hunting party I had a very bad accident. There were thirteen of us on the stage coach, and we were having a fine time. I was teamster, and having a four-horse team I had as much fun as the others did.

We were going along very peaceably, when a flock of ducks came flying over our heads. One of the party took a shot at the birds, and that frightened my horses. They started to run, and the lines on the leading team broke, and I had no way of stopping them, so away they went. I tried to keep them going straight until they played themselves out. However, as it always happens, one horse is faster than the other, and they kept edging off the road. We were coming close to a bridge over a deep, narrow gully, and I saw they were not going to get on the bridge, and we were all in danger of our lives, as there would be nothing to stop us from going over the bank, which would have resulted in death for us.

I asked one of the party to shoot one of the horses in the lead, but they all seemed afraid.

I saw 'something had to be done, and done quickly, so I pulled out my revolver, and when the leading horse turned his head a little sideways to me, I shot him behind the ear. This piled all the horses and stage and people and everything in a heap. I was thrown under the coach, and the front axle hit my shoulder and broke it. I tried to get out, as I was caught, and in so doing the hind wheel went over my arm below the shoulder. Then I lost consciousness.

The men helped the best they could. A couple of them walked a few miles and got a doctor. None of the others were hurt at all. I was taken to the hospital, where I spent seventeen months. I had to go under a second operation, as the first doctor did not fix my shoulder properly, and from that time I have only the use of one arm. The other I cannot raise very high.

The hospital bill just about broke me, and not having the use of my arm I could not work. I had a little money left, but I soon spent it on liquor, and very soon lost all interest in life. That is the way I lived for a few years until about fifteen years ago I was driving a stage again under the influence of liquor. I had an-

other accident, and was sent to one of the hospitals in Edmonton for treatment. From this place I was ejected for bringing in whiskey. The drinking habit had got a great hold on me by this time, so that it seemed I could not live without indulging in it.

Sick, and penniless and friendless, I found myself wandering the streets one night. An empty box car at the C.N.R. station seemed the only available refuge. Here I spent the night. Crawling out the next morning, hungry and desolate, a kind-hearted policeman said: "You had better go to the Beulah Mission; they help folks there." Painfully I made my way to the building pointed out to me, and found a kindly welcome and the help I so sorely needed.

I was impressed with the atmosphere of the place, and felt that the constant kindness shown to the many outcasts and down-and-outs who were gathered there, must have for its source the spirit of the compassionate Christ, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Somehow I was not there long until I felt that I was all wrong—that I had been spending my life without God. But I did not yield at once to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. The craving for strong drink was with me all the time, and

once, becoming violent in one of my outbreaks, they locked me in the drunk room. I made my escape through the window, but I knew they were my best friends, and came back again.

This time, I felt I must have help outside of myself, and coming humbly to the Saviour I cried: "Here, Lord, I yield myself to Thee, 'tis all that I can do," and I did not come in vain. It may seem strange to some, but there came to me a consciousness of sins forgiven, and that terrible craving for strong drink, that had mastered me for many years, was gone. In its place was a peace and joy I had never known before. I knew God was with me and was my friend.

Of course, living the life I had, my ideas of what a Christian ought to be were somewhat hazy. One day I met the superintendent as she came around the corner of the building, and said: "Here is two dollars, Miss Chatham. I was up at the races and bet on the black horse and won two dollars." Of course the good lady was properly shocked, and told me that betting and gambling belonged to the old life, and I haven't bet on any horse, black or white, since.

I made this my home for some time, and I secured a position as caretaker of the C. N. R.

station, and was there for several years, and have got along very well since that time.

I am getting very old now—over ninety-two years—and I do not know much about my relations back at Montreal. Sometimes I think I would like to go back and see what the place is like. If I am spared a few more years I think I will go back and look the old place over once more.

## DAD BLAIR'S CRAZY TWO HUNDRED

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Over the hills and the lakes,  
Over lone prairies and breaks,  
Longing for battles to make,  
Went the crazy two hundred.

Over ravines and creeks,  
Over rifle pits and ditches,  
Through muskegs and brush,  
Went the crazy two hundred.

Into the fight they went  
With guns, knives and tomahawks,  
And fought like a house a-fire—  
The crazy two hundred.

Some Indians wondered,  
While others made blunders,  
And slashing and tearing  
Went the crazy two hundred.

Some of them fought and fell,  
Others did not do so well,  
That's what the Colonel said  
Of the crazy two hundred.

Some of them wondered,  
But none of them blundered;  
That's the report we got  
Of the crazy two hundred.

"Forward, the Life Brigade!"  
That's what the Captain said,  
"And help us to save  
Our crazy two hundred."  
None of them afraid to die,  
From somewhere we heard a cry,  
And every one is a hero  
Of the crazy two hundred.

Into the camp they came,  
All had their drink again;  
Oh, what a time they had!  
The crazy two hundred.  
And Dad Blair was there,  
With a whoop and a cheer;  
He was one of them—  
The crazy two hundred.







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